

# LIFE IN THE SOUTH

Bill Nye in a Hotel Where the Cook Leaves Early.

## COLD SPELL IN KENTUCKY

Roaming About at Night a Stranger in a Strange Land—William Nye and His Audience.

Last evening we stopped at the Pump-house Hotel. It is a good house, but at 9 o'clock the cook goes home, after locking up the doughnuts, and spends the night at the residence over beyond the fair ground. This makes it impracticable to get a good lunch at 11 o'clock at the house.

We have formed the habit of eating at this house, as we are not very hungry at 8, and at half past 10 we are quite fatigued with our dramatic and artistic program, so we have our bouquets and floral horseshoe sent to the hotel and go out skimming for a late tea.

Last evening, the town being a small one with a college to it, we found the streets all dark, save here and there where the soft light from some gilded but staid lager beer place seemed to invite one.

Oh, it is a fearful thing to be on the streets of a town, a stranger and hungry, while all seems so dark and cold except sin. Ah, think of it as you sit by your own warm fire with children clustering over your knee. Think of it you who have never been hungry, and yet you murmur at the rich warm pie!

Think of it you who have never gone forth in the darkness not knowing where the next meal was coming from, while each door was locked and even the great figure of the clothing store statue taken inside where it is warm. Then the rich rays shoot out from the wicked lager beer place, where you know that light and warmth and a glad welcome await you.

It was suggested that we go in here and get a sausage and some art of hamburger cheese. "But, no," I said as I recalled the vivid description of John B. Gough and of the gay company sailing toward Niagara falls and at last going over with an eternal plague. "We will not go in there. If we take cheese now, we will some day want something stronger."

So we toiled on till at last we came to a confectionery place where six or eight mad revelers who had come from a distance by sleigh were eating oysters and caramels before going home. Half of these were girls who conversed all at the same time, and the other half were young men who laughed at what the girls said.

The saloon was used for ice cream in summer, and in winter canned oysters almost as large as lima beans are served with large circular pickles fresh from the brine—if one may use such a seeming paradox. One can also get a steak here for 15 cents. I took one of them, and when I got back to my room I repaid my trunk with it.

We had some crackers, too, that had been carefully looked over by other people till they were all powdery and seemed to have stood on the lunch counter all day for daws to peck at, as Shakespeare says.

The room was rich in decoration, with a battle piece at one side of the room painted by some unknown man and O K'd by the housewife in the summer time. The proprietor was a man who had been a great scholar. He had always taken and read The Great Fire Companion and was reading it when we came in. We spoke to him, and he looked at us with dead eyes, for he was still watching the Indians scalping some people who were on their way through Death valley for a straw ride.

We looked in the show case for quite awhile studying things. There were all kinds of imperishable candies in boxes. Some of the candy was captured during the war.

It was hard and had been felt of by people who have long since passed on to their reward.

The young people were gay and full of life. I like that. It makes me feel sometimes that again I am a young idiot in a small way myself, as I used to be before I had better opportunities.

Early one of the young men. He was a young man from the slums of Paris, like, about 18 years of age, and could pass tobacco or cigarette smoke, rather, entirely around through the inside of his head and out at the nose without injuring the brain, although the flavor of the smoke was somewhat impaired.

Everything he said was with the air of one who had seen all of life, had tasted every pleasure and only hoped to meet with a dramatic death. He came very near it, too, while doing a sword swallowing act with his can-knives.

Earl aimed to be considered a wild and wilful man, who had, after all, a big, generous heart—a man who could raise a ruckus and yet be disinclined to do so.

We saw one store and listened to him. There were three men in the store at the hotel, where there were no books to be found, but a large display of candy on the wall, and a political cartoon. An alarm of the bells rang in the air, and two men came running, and at once we saw that there would be a terrible stampede, for the house was full and the one exit narrow and down a winding staircase. I have

always said that the exit should be more ample where we speak, but I cannot seem to get any one to listen to it.

Wm. Nye, fainter, for the rumors were that the fire was in the store below, at the academy and at the depot. The engine house was across the street, and the firemen made considerable noise, many of them being in the audience when the alarm was given.

A panic was well started, and crazed men stood up on the seats and yelled while the ladies wrung their hands, but showed more sense than the men. One stranger arranged his overcoat so that it resembled a fainting woman and politely passed through the crowd "to save the life of one who was dear to him." When he got out, he put on his overcoat and asked to have his money back.

By and by the Cincinnati man felt unable to keep such a valuable horse and offered him for sale to a Kentuckian who knew the horse.

The Cincinnati man produced his pedigree, which was as follows: Bay Horse Blue Grass, foaled in 1887, sire Blue Grass, dam Young Phyllis; Black Sampson, dam Young Phyllis; Black Sampson, by Broadplate, dam Lady Waxy; Young Phyllis, by Blue Jeans, dam Mattie J.; Mattie J., by Cyclone Wilkes, dam Miss Tormentor; Miss Tormentor, by Tuscarora II, dam Ada V.; Broadplate, by Frank, dam Jellico; Jellico, by Hucphar, dam Princess; Hucphar, by Sir William, dam Eulalia.

The Cincinnati man said, "We will go around and see the horse," and they did so. The Kentuckian shook his head. "Your horse has a strain of vulgar blood," he said. "Notice he eats like a horse that has lived and lunched out of a nosebag like a cab horse. He has no refinement. I can pick out a horse that has had good parents and been brought up tenderly. That horse has been belted around the stall with the back of a curry-comb, and he is a jay horse."

"Well, he is not, begging your pardon. He only needs to point to his pedigree, which I bought him on largely. Read it, and you will find no break in the title. I bought him of a Kentuckian who knows horses."

This Kentuckian glanced over the pedigree and said: "There is something singular about this pedigree. I know all these names, but, you see, Black Sampson when he was alive was a jackass. Of course we cannot tell where he went when he died. This is no time to raise theological questions and get the whole presbytery after you."

"Young Phyllis was a Shorthorn cow. Broadplate was a Shorthorn bull. Lady Waxy was a saddle horse. Mattie J. is a pacing mare. Tuscarora II is a gray mule down on Four Mile. Ada V. is a steamboat on the Kentucky river. Frank is a yellow dog in Simpson's livery stable, and Jellico is an old mare mule that runs extra on one of Brown's coal carts."

In the language of the poet:

It is not all of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

BEATEN.

A Teacher Who Was an Eye Opener to the Whole Town.

"You don't want to brag too heavy 'bout your muscles, my boys," said Uncle Lisha. Told to a group who were testing their strength in front of his store. "You can't tell his 'bout what a man's made of from his talk, no more'n yer can tell from a catamount's howl how much damage he'll do." The boys did not gainsay the truth of this assertion, and the old man continued:

"Now, Lem Cole, he was given to thinkin' uncommon high of Lem Cole's strength till he learned himself more thorough." The boys dropped down upon the steps in happy expectancy, for they knew a story was coming.

"There was a schoolmaster come here a good spell back to teach up there to that littlest institution of learnin' in the burr. He was a mild, slim, hungry lookin' chap, an when he landed off from the stagecoach Lem sighted him an decided ter 'tend the fall term. He towed ter the boys he could pick up the master and snap him between his thumb an finger, same's you would a little green snake in the spring.

"Well, it come commencing day, an the teacher called 'em ter order an made a little gentle speech to 'em 'fore he begun. Then he up an asked Lem, 'he was the oldest an biggest, where they left off in figures in the spring.

"Lem, he got up kinder slow an says, 'We were a study in subtraction of fractions, an our teacher, ben only jest a little, small part of a man, we subtracted him outen the winter. There was aught an one ter carry, an I guess we'll go right on from there,' an so says he up an picked up the schoolmaster an started for the winter.

"Now, the master had college learnin', an he fit scientific, an 'fore Lem knewed it he was in the woodbox an the cover shot down. There was cracks enough ter keep 'em from smotherin, an the teacher kep' 'em there three hours.

"After the scholars had gone he opened the lid, an says he, 'Are you sure 'twas subtraction?' And Lem he answered up mighty perlit an says, 'Come ter think it over, I guess 'twas partial payment, an you've begun all right.'

"An after that he were the stiddest boy in the whole school. He never boasted no more on himself, Lem didn't, and that teacher he were jest a cyepener ter the whole town."—Youth's Companion.

His Natural Bent.

There was a large boiler of scalding water over a fire in the yard and several black pigs playing near it. Suddenly a shrill voice was heard from inside the shanty:

"You, George Washington, keep away from dat ar boiler. Directly you is gwine ter upset de boiler and scald yerself ter deif, an 'wen you is you'll be de fast one to say, 'Twain't me, mammy.'—Texas Siftings.

Want a Modest Maid.

I want to make my honest call.  
No bravo and money knight;  
I want a man who'll lead the store,  
And the kitchen fire light.

I want an daring warrior  
Before whom sword men fall;  
I want a small little man  
Who'll answer to my call.

I want no badly hanker  
With wealth on land and sea;  
I want a man whose handings  
I shall be happy to see.

I want no handsome, brilliant man  
Whose heart the heart can't keep;  
I want a man who'll be true  
That none will with his flit.

I want a man of learning,  
Of the mental, vast and high;  
I want a man who knows and feels  
He knows much less than I.

—Gladys Day.

# ON THE OTHER SIDE

Some Correct English Walking Costumes Described.

## MATTERS OF LATE FASHION

Our British Cousins Are Nothing if Not Assiduous—They Have Cause for Self-Commendation.

THE London season is short, but brilliant, and while it lasts every moment is taken advantage of to display new gowns, topcoats and tailcoats.

English walking costumes have long been the models of neatness and serviceableness, if not always of becomingness, and fashion in every country has demanded English suits both for city and for tourist needs.

While we are justly proud of being the pioneers in neat, useful and modest out of door garments, we feel that we have some right to claim that our evening and indoor gowns are quite as tasteful and handsome as any others. The only difference between ours and those of Paris or Berlin—and shall we say America—is that we seek to adapt our gowns to our own peculiar type, which requires some divergence from set rules.

With us the low cut evening dress is really almost one of the articles of faith for women with clustering gray locks down to the grandchild at her knee. The rest of our gowns, however, are as high in the neck as our chins will allow, and it was the English who set the style of high collars so universally admired.

Just now the Row is full of early carriages, and some of the hats, wraps and gowns are bewildering, in that no one can tell from what century they have been evolved. But this much can be said—there are wide Gainsborough hats of shirred velvet, black, prune or dark green, and all are overwhelmed with rich ostrich plumes, drooping almost in a natural state, scarcely curled at all.

Besides the Gainsborough the next favorite is the turban in one of its legion of varieties, as it is the next most becoming to the British physiognomy; then the poke, with its yellow velvet jongs, its primrose, its tulips or convolvuli, standing stiffly up and nodding in a friendly manner. The flowers are generally natural size and as near the natural shade and color as possible. The ribbons are exact reproductions of those in vogue 100 years ago.

Young ladies while out of doors, even in carriages, wear their tailor made gowns of serge, cloth, tweed or cheviot with every detail plain to severity, but all of immaculate neatness and perfection of finish. The French call no parade, but it suits us better than anything else. No young lady wears a gown in the street to touch the pavement.

Married ladies can wear long garments either in or out doors, and two such are sent herewith to show what they are when from the best houses. One is wide wale bengaline, black, cut princess shape, the front opening over a black velvet inset. The bengaline is cut away at the bottom and bordered with a band of black ostrich. Above that is an applique of black velvet, bordered with cut jet beads. The sleeves are of the same materials, the forearm having the wales of the bengaline up and down. The whole is buttoned with fine cut jet buttons. A black velvet turban has a small jet ornament.

The other is the skirt of novelty cloth broche in black and puce. It is a bell skirt and has a row of moss trimming. The sleeves and yoke are of the same material, while the blouse is of puce colored cloth bordered with moss trimming. The hat is black felt, with Alsatian bow of novelty ribbon surrounded by two black feathers and asprey plume. These two promenade costumes are in the highest style and are favorites, but that of bengaline would be considered too sumptuous for even a very young married woman, and neither would do for a girl, though by shortening the train the blouse costume might.

The noble strength that comes to us from attempting and carrying through difficult enterprises is the best part of our reward.

In all your wrestling with the world, the flesh and the devil, never cease struggling onward toward the sweet, lofty ideal of truth, sincerity and purity. The absolutely sincere, just person gains a power over mankind that sneaks and the underhand never can acquire with all their trickery.

Miss Della Maloney is worthy foreman of District 49, Knights of Labor, in New York city.

ELIZA ARCHARD CORNER.

Could't Remember.

A good brother who recently offered a prayer at a prayer meeting started to make reference to Noah, but got a little flustered and forgot the name of the patriarch. After hemming and hawing for a few moments he turned to a neighbor and asked in a loud whisper, "Who was it built the ark?"—New York Tribune.

A Correction.

Mrs. Muscatello—The Newriches are people who don't know who their grand-parents were.

Mrs. Rockell—Oh, yes, they do, but they hope that no one else does.—Harper's Bazar.

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"Where is that postage stamp?" grumbled Wipeheads, seeing his letter and looking impatiently among the papers scattered about the table. "I had it at my tongue's end a minute ago!"—Chicago Tribune.

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If popularity. Tailor gowns will all have short camelot cloaks of the same material, which will be lined with champagne silk. MARY DEWEY.

## WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Read Powell, America's Girl Violinist. Gracie and Ward Worth, Bach.

It must be a matter of pride and pleasure to all women that America's greatest violinist is a woman, and a young woman not yet out of her twenties—Maud Powell, born in Peru, Ill. She is that rarest, sweetest gift of nature to mankind—a born musical genius. When she was 4 years old, she played the piano. At 8 years old she used to go home crying through the streets because the village boys gazed her as the girl who played the fiddle. But she did not give it up on that account. The story of her first public appearance at 9 years of age is peculiarly charming. She was at a summer picnic with her family and friends, and in an interval of the music asked the orchestra leader if she might take his violin and play something. He consented, as much amused as surprised at her audacity. Then, without a thought that she was doing anything that drew attention to her, but with most delightful naïveté and childish unconsciousness, she took the instrument and poured upon the air such strains of music that it drew a spellbound crowd about her. There was no suggestion of stage fright there, for the child knew nothing of that uneasy self-consciousness which is the bane of all our lives, and which we ought to pray to be delivered from. The child's parents foresaw the marvelous future that lay before her and wisely gave her every advantage. She studied in Europe several years, leaving nothing to chance or natural gifts, but pursuing a study drill which few men or women either would care to endure. When she was 18, that greatest of violinists, Joachim, who was her last teacher, frankly told her that neither he nor any other master could do more for her; that she was to be one of the masters herself. She must develop the rest in her own way by studying still and hearing all the good music she could. Since then she has been before the public constantly, playing always in the leading orchestras of the country. It is very pleasant to read of a career in which there have been so few sorrowful drawbacks and so little discouraging waiting as in that of Maud Powell. But let not, therefore, others who do have awful drawbacks and fearful struggle and waiting give up. Somewhere and somehow the reward will come. We may be sure of that, dear sirs. So to the sad, tired workers, greeting, sympathy and hope!

Mrs. Dow, the lady who owns and manages such large street car interests at Dover, N. H., is said to be not only the street car magnate, but also "a skilled housewife, a judicious mother, a good shot with gun and pistol, a fine swimmer and the possessor of property worth \$300,000." Isn't that about enough for one woman?

It is time our higher institutions of learning were opening their doors to women. It is indeed. Otherwise they would soon have no longer any distinguished students. The men college students of this day are distinguished for their hard kicking attainments in football, their proficiency in traveling negro minstrel performances and their tough arms in rowing matches. I have not heard in five years, that I now recall, of one young man college student of extraordinary promise in scientific or literary studies. Very well! Let the boys go on and kick high, throw hard and travel through the country shaking their college yell. Meantime the girls will knock down to work and fulfill the real college purpose, stealing from the boys the honors the Longfellow, the Charles Sumners and the Phillips Brooks used to win. We women are not complaining any. Why should we?

The hand that holds the purse strings is the hand that rules the world.

Mrs. Julia Brown is Boston's first woman undertaker.

The anticrionicle league of Great Britain has already nearly 8,000 women pledged not to wear the monstrous steel hooped skirt, no matter though it become the fashion twice over. We talk considerably about woman's emancipation in our time. To my mind a crucial test of that emancipation will be woman's willingness to put herself inside the frightful iron cage that incased the sex 80 years ago. The steel hoop skirt is thoroughly ugly and inconvenient. It is also dangerous. Many were the accidents that befell women in the days when it was worn. They caught their heels in it and tripped upon their faces. In several instances girls working in factories were caught by their crinolines and drawn into machinery and ground to death. If women consent to wear that frightful, ugly skirt again, I shall have my opinions of them; that's all.

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# Society Stops Short—For Forty Flights



of the sun—Lent brings rest to the tired votary of fashion—

## Kirk's American Family Soap

brings daily rest to those who know and make use of its unequalled qualities; those who have once used it are never satisfied with any other.

Dusky Diamond Tar Soap cures and prevents chapping.

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Piles  
Catarrh  
Bruises  
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Sore Throat  
Inflammation  
AVOID SUBSTITUTES  
POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

Colds  
Wounds  
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Backache  
Sore Eyes  
Hemorrhages

This is the place to purchase your Marlin, and you will do well if you look at our large and complete stock before the spring trade opens.

## Kure That Kauf!

DO YOU KNOW That Dr. Webster's Cough Balsam is guaranteed and is a positive remedy?

DO YOU KNOW That Dr. Webster's Cough Balsam is efficacious for the relief of all throat and lung troubles?

DO YOU KNOW That Dr. Webster's Cough Balsam is prescribed by the best physicians for cough, croup, asthma, bronchitis and the first stages of consumption?

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